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Home College Series.

Number * Thirty.

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ALEXANDER.



(FROM PLUTARCH.)

NEW YORK:
PHILLIPS & HUNT.
CINCINNATI:
WALDEN & STOWE.
1883.

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J. H. VINCENT.

NEW YORK, Jan., 1883.

ALEXANDER.

[FROM PLUTARCH.]

BORN B. C. 355—DIED 323.

ALEXANDER was born on the sixth of Hecatombæon, (July,) which the Macedonians call Lous, the same day that the temple of Diana at Ephesus was burned.

When but a youth, there was something superlatively great and sublime in his ambition, far above his years. When he was asked by some of the people about him, “Whether he would not run in the Olympic race?” (for he was swift of foot,) he answered, “Yes, if I had kings for my antagonists.”

Embassadors from Persia happening to arrive in the absence of his father, Philip, and Alexander, receiving them in his stead, gained upon them greatly by his politeness and solid sense. He asked them no childish or trifling question, but inquired the distances of places, and the roads through the upper provinces of Asia; he desired to be informed of the character of their king, in what manner he behaved to his enemies, and in what the strength and power of Persia consisted. The ambassadors were struck with admiration, and looked upon the celebrated shrewdness of Philip as nothing in comparison of the lofty and enterprising genius of his son.

When Philonicus the Thessalian offered the horse named Bucephalus in sale to Philip, at the price of thirteen talents, the king, with the prince and many others, went into the field to see some trial made of him. The horse appeared extremely vicious and unmanageable, and was so far from suffering himself to be mounted, that he would not bear to be spoken to, but turned fiercely upon all the grooms. Philip was displeased at their bringing him so wild and ungovernable

a horse, and bade them take him away. But Alexander, who had observed him well, said, "What a horse are they losing, for want of skill and spirit to manage him!" Philip at first took no notice of this; but, upon the prince's often repeating the same expression, and showing great uneasiness, he said, "Young man, you find fault with your elders, as if you knew more than they, or could manage the horse better." "And I certainly could," answered the prince. "If you should not be able to ride him, what forfeiture will you submit to for your rashness?" "I will pay the price of the horse."

Upon this all the company laughed, but the king and prince agreeing as to the forfeiture, Alexander ran to the horse, and laying hold on the bridle, turned him to the sun; for he had observed, it seems, that the shadow which fell before the horse, and continually moved as he moved, greatly disturbed him. While his fierceness and fury lasted, he kept speaking to him softly and stroking him; after which he gently let fall his mantle, leaped lightly upon his back, and got his seat very safe. Then, without pulling the reins too hard, or using either whip or spur, he set him a-going. As soon as he perceived his uneasiness abated, and that he wanted only to run, he put him in a full gallop, and pushed him on both with the voice and spur.

Philip and all his court were in great distress for him at first, and a profound silence took place. But when the prince had turned him and brought him straight back, they all received him with loud acclamations, except his father, who wept for joy, and, kissing him, said, "Seek another kingdom, my son, that may be worthy of thy abilities; for Macedonia is too small for thee."

Perceiving that Alexander did not easily submit to authority, because he would not be forced to any thing, but that he might be led to his duty by the gentler hand of reason, Philip took the method of persuasion rather than of command.

He saw that his education was a matter of too great importance to be trusted to the ordinary masters in music and the common circle of sciences. He therefore sent for Aristotle, the most celebrated and learned of all the philosophers, and gave him the charge of his son's education.

When Philip went upon his expedition against Byzantium, Alexander was only sixteen years of age, yet he was left regent of Macedonia and keeper of the seal. The Medari rebelling during his regency, he attacked and overthrew them, took their city, expelled the barbarians, planted there a colony of people collected from various parts, and gave it the name of Alexandropolis. He fought in the battle of Chæronea against the Greeks, and is said to have been the first man that broke the “sacred band” of Thebans.

He was only twenty years old when he succeeded to the crown, and he found the kingdom torn to pieces by dangerous parties and implacable animosities. The barbarous nations, even those that bordered upon Macedonia, could not brook subjection, and they longed for their natural kings. He quieted the commotions, and put a stop to the rising war among the barbarians by marching with the utmost expedition as far as the Danube, where he fought a great battle with Syrmus, king of the Triballi, and defeated him.

Some time after this, having intelligence that the Thebans had revolted, and that the Athenians had adopted the same sentiments, he resolved to show them he was no longer a boy, and advanced immediately through the pass of Thermopylæ. “Demosthenes,” he said, “called me a boy, while I was in Illyricum and among the Triballi, and a stripling when in Thessaly; but I will show him before the walls of Athens that I am a man.”

A general assembly of the Greeks being held, at the Isthmus of Corinth, they came to a resolution to send their quotas with Alexander against the Persians, and he was unanimously elected captain-general. Many statesmen and

philosophers came to congratulate him on the occasion ; and he hoped that Diogenes, of Sinope, who then lived at Corinth, would be of the number. Finding, however, that he made but little account of Alexander, and that he preferred the enjoyment of his leisure in a part of the suburbs called Cranium, he sent to see him. Diogenes happened to be lying in the sun ; and at the approach of so many people he raised himself up a little, and fixed his eyes upon Alexander. The king addressed him in an obliging manner, and asked him, "If there was any thing he could serve him in ?" "Only stand a little out of my sunshine," said Diogenes. Alexander, we are told, was struck with such surprise at finding himself so little regarded, and saw something so great in that carelessness, that, while his courtiers were ridiculing the philosopher as a monster, he said, "If I were not Alexander I should wish to be Diogenes."

He chose to consult the oracle about the event of the war, and for that purpose he went to Delphi. He happened to arrive there on one of the days called inauspicious, upon which the law permitted no man to put his question. At first he sent to the prophetess, to entreat her to do her office ; but finding she refused to comply, and alleged the law in her excuse, he went himself and drew her by force into the temple. Then, as if conquered by his violence, she said, "My son, thou art invincible." Alexander hearing this, said, "He wanted no other answer, for he had the very oracle he desired."

Upon taking Gordium, which is said to have been the seat of the ancient Midas, he found the famous chariot, fastened with cords, made of the bark of the cornel-tree, and was informed of a tradition, firmly believed among the barbarians, "That the Fates had decreed the empire of the world to the man who should untie the knot." Most historians say that it was twisted so many private ways, and the ends so artfully concealed within, that Alexander, finding he could not untie

it, cut it asunder with his sword, and so made many ends instead of two. But Aristobulus affirms, that he easily unfastened it by taking out the pin which fastened the yoke to the beam, and then drawing out the yoke itself.

He was hindered in his war against the Persians by sickness, which some attribute to his great fatigues, and others to his bathing in the river Cydnus, whose water is extremely cold. His physicians durst not give him any medicines, because they thought themselves not so certain of the cure as of the danger they must incur in the application ; for they feared the Macedonians, if they did not succeed, would suspect them of some bad practice. Philip, the Acarnanian, saw how desperate the king's case was, as well as the rest ; but, besides the confidence he had in his friendship, he thought it the highest ingratitude, when his master was in so much danger, not to risk something with him, in exhausting all his art for his relief. He therefore attempted the cure, and found no difficulty in persuading the king to wait with patience till his medicine was prepared, or to take it when ready ; so desirous was he of a speedy recovery, in order to prosecute the war.

In the meantime, Parmenio sent him a letter from the camp, advising him "to beware of Philip, whom," he said, "Darius had prevailed upon, by presents of infinite value, and the promise of his daughter in marriage, to take him off by poison." As soon as Alexander had read the letter, he put it under his pillow, without showing it to any of his friends. The time appointed being come, Philip, with the king's friends, entered the chamber, having the cup which contained the medicine in his hand. The king received it freely, without the least marks of suspicion, and at the same time put the letter in his hands. It was a striking situation, and more interesting than any scene in a tragedy ; the one reading while the other was drinking. They looked upon each other, but with a very different air. The king, with an open and un-

embarrassed countenance, expressed his regard for Philip, and the confidence he had in his honor; Philip's looks showed his indignation at the calumny. One, while he lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, protesting his fidelity; another, while he threw himself down by the bedside, entreating his master to be of good courage and trust to his care.

The medicine, indeed, was too strong, and overpowered his spirits in such a manner, that at first he was speechless, and discovered scarce any sign of sense or life, but afterward he was soon relieved by his faithful physician, and recovered so well that he was able to show himself to the Macedonians, whose distress did not abate till he came personally before them.

His victory over Darius was a very signal one; for he killed above a hundred and ten thousand of the enemy. Nothing was wanting to complete it but the taking of Darius, and that prince escaped narrowly, having got the start of his pursuer only by four or five furlongs. Alexander took his chariot and his bow, and returned with them to his Macedonians. He found them loading themselves with the plunder of the enemy's camp, which was rich and various; though Darius, to make his troops fitter for action, had left most of the baggage in Damascus. The Macedonians had reserved for their master the tent of Darius, in which he found officers of the household magnificently clothed, rich furniture, and great quantities of gold and silver.

As soon as he had put off his armor, he went to the bath, saying to those about him, "Let us go and refresh ourselves, after the fatigues of the field, in the bath of Darius." "Nay, rather," said one of his friends, "in the bath of Alexander; for the goods of the conquered are, and shall be called, the conqueror's." When he had taken a view of the basins, vials, boxes, and other vases curiously wrought in gold, smelled the fragrant odors of essences, and seen the splendid furniture of the spacious apartments, he turned to

his friends, and said, "This, then, it seems, it was to be a king!"

Some time after this he received a letter from Darius, in which that prince proposed, on condition of pacification and future friendship, to pay him ten thousand talents in ransom of the prisoners, to cede to him all the countries on this side the Euphrates, and to give him his daughter in marriage. Upon his communicating these proposals to his friends, Parmenio said, "If I were Alexander, I would accept them." "So would I," said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." The answer he gave Darius was, "That if he would come to him, he should find the best of treatment; if not, he must go and seek him."

The great battle with Darius was not fought at Arbela, as most historians will have it, but at Gaugamela. The oldest of Alexander's friends, and Parmenio in particular, when they beheld the plain between Niphates and the Gordæn Mountains all illuminated with the torches of the barbarians, and heard the tumultuary and appalling noise from their camp, like the bellowings of an immense sea, were astonished at their numbers, and observed among themselves how arduous an enterprise it would be to meet such a torrent of war in open day. They waited upon the king, therefore, when he had finished the sacrifice, and advised him to attack the enemy in the night, when darkness would hide what was most dreadful in the combat. Upon which he gave them that celebrated answer, "I will not steal a victory."

When his friends were gone, Alexander retired to rest in his tent, and he is said to have slept that night much sounder than usual; insomuch that when his officers came to attend him the next day, they could not but express their surprise at it, while they were obliged themselves to give out orders to the troops to take their morning refreshment. After this, as the occasion was urgent, Parmenio entered his apartment, and, standing by the bed, called him two or three times by

name. When he awaked, that officer asked him, "Why he slept like a man that had already conquered, and not rather like one who had the greatest battle the world ever heard of to fight?" Alexander smiled at the question, and said, "In what light can you look upon us but as conquerors, when we have not now to traverse desolate countries in pursuit of Darius, and he no longer declines the combat?"

He came ready armed out of his tent. He had a short coat of the Sicilian fashion girt close about him, and over that a breastplate of linen strongly quilted, which was found among the spoils at the battle of Issus. His helmet, the workmanship of Theophilus, was of iron, but so well polished that it shone like the brightest silver. To this was fitted a gorget of the same metal, set with precious stones. His sword, the weapon he generally used in battle, was a present from the king of the Citeans, and could not be excelled for lightness or for temper. But the belt, which he wore in all engagements, was more superb than the rest of his armor. It was given him by the Rhodians, as a mark of their respect, and old Helicon had exerted all his art in it. In drawing up his army and giving orders, as well as exercising and reviewing it, he spared Bucephalus on account of his age, and rode another horse; but he constantly charged upon him; and he had no sooner mounted him than the signal was always given.

The result of the battle being the defeat of Darius, the Persian empire appeared to be entirely destroyed, and Alexander was acknowledged king of all Asia.

The first time he sat down on the throne of the kings of Persia, under a golden canopy, Demaratus, the Corinthian, who had the same friendship and affection for Alexander as he had entertained for his father, Philip, is said to have wept like an old man, while he uttered this exclamation: "What a pleasure have those Greeks missed who died without seeing Alexander seated on the throne of Darius!"

As he was naturally munificent, that inclination increased

with his extraordinary acquisitions; and he had also a gracious manner, which is the only thing that gives bounty an irresistible charm. To give a few instances: One day, as a Macedonian of mean circumstances was driving a mule, laden with the king's money, the mule tired; the man then took the burden upon his own shoulders, and carried it till he tottered under it, and was ready to give out. Alexander happening to see him, and being informed what it was, said, "Hold on, friend, the rest of the way, and carry it to your own tent, for it is yours." Indeed, he was generally more offended at those who refused his presents than at those who asked favors of him. Hence he wrote to Phocion, "That he could no longer number him among his friends, if he rejected the marks of his regard." He had given nothing to Serapion, one of the youths that played with him at ball, because he asked nothing. One day, when they were at their diversion, Serapion took care always to throw the ball to others in the party; upon which Alexander said, "Why do you not give it me? "Because you did not ask for it," said the youth. The repartee pleased the king much; he laughed, and immediately made him very valuable presents.

When Alexander was on the point of setting out for India, he saw his troops were so laden with spoils that they were unfit to march. Therefore, early in the morning that he was to take his departure, after the carriages were assembled, he first set fire to his own baggage and that of his friends; and then gave orders that the rest should be served in the same manner. The resolution appeared more difficult to take than it was to execute. Few were displeased at it, and numbers received it with acclamations of joy. They freely gave part of their equipage to such as were in need, and burned and destroyed whatever was superfluous. This greatly encouraged and fortified Alexander in his design. Besides, by this time he was become inflexibly severe in punishing offenses. Menander, one of his friends, he put to death for refusing to

stay in a fortress he had given him the charge of; and one of the barbarians, named Osodates, he shot dead with an arrow, for the crime of rebellion.

As to his war with Porus, we have an account of it in his own letters. According to them, the river Hydaspes was between the two armies, and Porus drew up his elephants on the banks opposite the enemy with their heads toward the stream, to guard it. Alexander caused a great noise and bustle to be made every day in his camp, that the barbarians, being accustomed to it, might not be so ready to take the alarm. This done, he took the advantage of a dark and stormy night, with part of his infantry and a select body of cavalry, to gain a little island in the river, at some distance from the Indians. When he was there, he and his troops were attacked with a most violent wind and rain, accompanied with dreadful thunder and lightning. But, notwithstanding this hurricane, in which he saw several of his men perish by the lightning, he advanced from the island to the opposite bank. The Hydaspes, swelled with the rain, by its violence and rapidity made a breach on that side, which received water enough to form a bay, so that when he came to land, he found the bank extremely slippery, and the ground broken and undermined by the current. On this occasion he is said to have uttered that celebrated saying, "Will you believe, my Athenian friends, what dangers I undergo, to have you the heralds of my fame?" The last particular we have from Onesicritus; but Alexander himself only says they quitted their boats, and, armed as they were, waded up the beach breast high; and that when they were landed, he advanced with the horse twenty furlongs before the foot, concluding that if the enemy attacked him with their cavalry, he should be greatly their superior, and that if they made a movement with their infantry, his would come up in time enough to receive them. Nor did he judge amiss. The enemy detached against him a thousand horse and sixty

armed chariots, and he defeated them with ease. The chariots he took, and killed four hundred of the cavalry upon the spot. By this, Porus understood that Alexander himself had passed the river, and therefore brought up his whole army, except what appeared necessary to keep the rest of the Macedonians from making good their passage. Alexander, considering the force of the elephants and the enemy's numbers, did not choose to engage them in front, but attacked the left wing himself, while Cœnus, according to his orders, fell upon the right. Both wings, being broken, retired to the elephants in the center, and rallied there. The combat then was of a more mixed kind; but maintained with such obstinacy that it was not decided till the eighth hour of the day. This description of the battle we have from the conqueror himself, in one of his epistles.

Most historians agree that Porus was four cubits and a palm high, and that though the elephant he rode was one of the largest, his stature and bulk were such, that he appeared but proportionably mounted. This elephant, during the whole battle, gave extraordinary proofs of his sagacity and care of the king's person. As long as that prince was able to fight, he defended him with great courage, and repulsed all assailants; and when he perceived him ready to sink under the multitude of darts and wounds with which he was covered, to prevent his falling off he kneeled down in the softest manner, and with his proboscis gently drew every dart out of his body.

When Porus was taken prisoner, Alexander asked him, "How he desired to be treated?"

He answered, "Like a king."

"And have you nothing else to request?" replied Alexander.

"No," said he; "every thing is comprehended in the word 'king.'"

Alexander not only restored him his own dominions

immediately, which he was to govern as his lieutenant, but added very extensive territories to them; for, having subdued a free country, which contained fifteen nations, five thousand considerable cities, and villages in proportion, he bestowed it on Porus. Another country, three times as large, he gave to Philip, one of his friends, who was also to act there as his lieutenant.

In the battle with Porus, Bucephalus received several wounds, of which he died some time after. This is the account most writers give us; but Onesicritus says, he died of age and fatigue, for he was thirty years old. Alexander showed as much regret as if he had lost a faithful friend and companion. He esteemed him, indeed, as such; and built a city near the Hydaspes, in the place where he was buried, which he called after him, Bucephalia.

Alexander formed a design to see the ocean, for which purpose he caused a number of row-boats and rafts to be constructed, and, upon them, fell down the rivers at his leisure. However, he was very near being cut in pieces by the Malli, who are called the most warlike people in India. He had driven some of them from the wall with his missive weapons, and was the first man that ascended it. But presently after he was up, the scaling ladder broke. Finding himself and the small company much galled by the darts of the barbarians from below, he poised himself, and leaped down into the midst of the enemy. By good fortune he fell upon his feet; and the barbarians were so astonished at the flashing of his arms as he came down, that they thought they beheld lightning, or some supernatural splendor, issuing from his body. At first, therefore, they drew back and dispersed. But when they had recollected themselves, and saw him attended by only two of his guards, they attacked him hand to hand, and wounded him through his armor with their swords and spears, notwithstanding the valor with which he fought. One of them standing farther off, drew an arrow with such strength,

that it made its way through his cuirass, and entered the breast. Its force was so great that he gave back and was brought upon his knees, and the barbarian ran up with his drawn scimitar to dispatch him. Peucestas and Limnaeus placed themselves before him, but one was wounded and the other killed. Peucestas, who survived, was still making some resistance, when Alexander recovered himself and laid the barbarian at his feet. The king, however, received new wounds, and at last had such a blow from a bludgeon upon his neck, that he was forced to support himself by the wall, and there stood with his face to the enemy. The Macedonians, who by this time had got in, gathered about him, and carried him off to his tent.

His senses were gone, and it was the current report in the army that he was dead. When they had, with great difficulty, sawed off the shaft, which was of wood, and with equal trouble had taken off the cuirass, they proceeded to extract the head, which was three fingers broad and four long, and stuck fast in the bone. He fainted under the operation, and was very near expiring; but when the head was got out, he came to himself. Yet, after the danger was over, he continued weak, and a long time confined himself to a regular diet, attending solely to the cure of his wound.

After returning from the ocean and giving his army some time to refresh themselves, he marched in Carmania for seven days in a kind of Bacchanalian procession. His chariot, which was very magnificent, was drawn by eight horses. Upon it was placed a lofty platform, where he and his principal friends reveled day and night. This carriage was followed by many others, some covered with rich tapestry and purple hangings, and others shaded with branches of trees fresh gathered and flourishing. In these were the rest of the king's friends and generals, crowned with flowers and exhilarated with wine.

In this whole company there was not to be seen a buckler,

a helmet, or spear; but, instead of them, cups, flagons, and goblets. These the soldiers dipped in huge vessels of wine, and drank to each other, some as they marched along, and others seated at tables, which were placed at proper distances on the way. The whole army resounded with flutes, clarionets, and songs, and with dances and riotous frolics.

When Alexander had once given himself up to superstition, his mind was so preyed upon by vain fears and anxieties, that he turned the least incident, which was any thing strange and out of the way, into a sign or a prodigy. The court swarmed with sacrificers, purifiers, and prognosticators; they were all to be seen exercising their talents there. So true it is, that though the disbelief of religion and contempt for things divine is a great evil, yet superstition is a greater. For as water gains on low grounds, so superstition prevails over a dejected mind, and fills it with fear and folly. This was entirely Alexander's case.

One day, after he had given Nearchus a sumptuous treat, he went, according to custom, to refresh himself in the bath, in order to retire to rest. But in the meantime Medius came and invited him to take part in a carousal, and he could not deny him. There he drank all that night and the next day, till at last he found a fever coming upon him. It did not, however, seize him as he was drinking the cup of Hercules, nor did he find a certain pain in his back, as it had been pierced by a spear. These are circumstances invented by writers, who thought the catastrophe of so noble a tragedy should be something affecting and extraordinary. Aristobulus tells us that, in the rage of his fever and the violence of his thirst, he took a draught of wine which threw him into a frenzy, and that he died the thirteenth of the month Daesius, (June.)

But in his journals the account of his sickness is as follows: "On the eighteenth of the month Daesius, finding the fever upon him, he lay in his bath-room. The next day, after he

had bathed, he removed into his own chamber, and played many hours with Medius at dice. In the even he bathed again, and after having sacrificed to the gods, he ate his supper. In the night the fever returned. The twentieth, he also bathed, and after the customary sacrifice, sat in the bath-room, and diverted himself with hearing Nearchus tell the story of his voyage, and all that was most observable with respect to the ocean. The twenty-first was spent in the same manner. The fever increased, and he had a very bad night. The twenty-second, the fever was violent. He ordered his bed to be removed and placed by the great bath. There he talked to his generals about the vacancies in his army, and desired they might be filled up with experienced officers. The twenty-fourth, he was much worse. He chose, however, to be carried to assist at the sacrifice. He likewise gave orders that the principal officers of the army should wait within the court, and the others keep watch all night without. The twenty-fifth, he was removed to his palace on the other side of the river, where he slept a little, but the fever did not abate; and when his generals entered the room he was speechless. He continued so the day following. The Macedonians, by this time thinking he was dead, came to the gates with great clamor, and threatened the great officers in such a manner that they were forced to admit them, and suffer them all to pass unarmed by the bedside. The twenty-seventh, Python and Seleucus were sent to the temple of Serapis, to inquire whether they should carry Alexander thither, and the deity ordered that they should not remove him. The twenty-eighth, in the evening, he died." These particulars are taken almost word for word from his diary. —

There was no suspicion at the time of his death; but six years after (we are told) Olympias, upon some information, put a number of people to death, and ordered the remains of Iolas, who was supposed to have given him the draught, to be dug out of the grave. Those who say Aristotle advised

Antipater to such a horrid deed, and furnished him with the poison he sent to Babylon, allege one Agnothemis as their author, who is pretended to have had the information from King Antigonus. They add, that the poison was a water of a cold and deadly quality, which distills from a rock in the territory of Nonacris; and that they receive it as they would do so many dew-drops, and keep it in an ass' hoof; its extreme coldness and acrimony being such that it makes its way through all other vessels. The generality, however, look upon the story of the poison as a mere fable; and they have this strong argument in their favor, that though, on account of the disputes which the great officers were engaged in for many days, the body lay unembalmed in a sultry place, it had no sign of any taint, but continued fresh and clear.

ALEXANDER.

[THOUGHT-OUTLINE TO HELP THE MEMORY.]

1. Birth? Early characteristics? Story of the horse. Aristotle's pupil? Diogenes? Delphic oracle? Gordian knot? Gaugamela? His armor? Victory?
2. His generosity? India? Porus a prisoner? His request?
3. Desire to see the ocean? Great daring? Dangerous wounds? Recovery and triumph?
4. Superstition? Drinking to excess? Death?
5. Notes from Journal of Alexander? Suspicions of poison?

THE WARRIOR.

“Then did I beat them as small as the dust of the earth: I did stamp them as the mire of the street, and did spread them abroad.”—2 SAM. xxii, 43.

“Destruction cometh; and they shall seek peace, and there shall be none.”—EZEK. vii, 25.

“Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man: preserve me from the violent man; which imagine mischiefs in their heart; continually are they gathered together for war.”—PSA. cxi, 1, 2.

“He shall slay with the sword thy daughters in the field: and he shall make a fort against thee, and cast a mount against thee, and lift up the buckler against thee. And he shall set engines of war against thy walls and with his axes he shall break down thy towers. By reason of the abundance of his horses their dust shall cover thee: thy walls shall shake at the noise of the horsemen, and of the wheels, and of the chariots, when he shall enter into thy gates, as men enter into a city wherein is made a breach. With the hoofs of his horses shall he tread down all thy streets: he shall slay thy people by the sword, and thy strong garrisons shall go down to the ground. And they shall make a spoil of thy riches, and make a prey of thy merchandise: and they shall break down thy walls, and destroy thy pleasant houses: and they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water. And I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease; and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard.”—EZEK. xxvi, 8-13.

“Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood.”—ISA. ix, 5.

“One to destroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War’s glorious art, and gives immortal fame.”—YOUNG.

“Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accurséd instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature’s sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?”—LONGFELLOW.

“To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory.”—MILTON.

“Nothing but a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.”—WELLINGTON.





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